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THE WRECK

by Hannah Alford

It was a cold December morning; the weather station was calling for ice on the roads. My mom came in my room, woke me and my sister up and got us ready for school. It was like every other typical morning for a third grader, eat breakfast, watch some cartoons and go to school. My mom was leaving for work. She volunteered to go help transport prisoners to another county. She is one of the few students in her police academy class that volunteered to transport prisoners.

I grabbed my fluffy coat and raced out the door for my step dad to take us to school. He turned on the radio, which could probably be heard two blocks away, and we jammed out to the Disney radio. I got out of the car, walked inside and headed to class. My day was going well. We started off with a spelling test and then on to science. My favorite part about school was playing outside with my friends. We had this giant metal slide on the playground that my friends and I took turns sliding down. Then was off to lunch.

As the day was coming to an end. I walked in the gym with my sister, and we sat down and waited for my step dad to come pick us up. He was running a little late, and then a teacher came and got us and told us he was here. We hopped in the car, and he didn't say a word. He began to speed excessively across town. We pulled into the police station and he parked next to my mom's car.

"Get out and get in her car," he said, with nervousness in his voice.

"Why what's going on?" I began to reply.

"Just do as I say."

I got out as he asked, and jumped in my mom's car. We got back on the road and started heading the opposite direction of the house. I blurted out, "Where are we going?" I got no response. Everything around us seemed to be moving past us faster and faster as he drove like a Nascar driver down the highway. I knew something was wrong.

We pulled up to a tan hospital on a hill in some random town I had never been too. My step dad led me, my sister and my brother into a tiny room. We sat there for what seemed like a decade, still not knowing what was going on. A preacher walked into the room and closes the door.

"Hi, guys. I'm a preacher here in Houston, Missouri. How is everyone?"

"We're fine," replied my step dad.

The preacher turned and looked at us.

"Well, I am here to inform you guys on the current situation. It seems your mom has been in a vehicle accident," the preacher said.

My first initial thought was that she was going to end up in a wheelchair. About two years before, she got into a car wreck that broke her back. She was told if she got into another wreck, she wouldn't be able to walk again. Next a doctor came in the room and told us that she was in too critical condition for us to go in and see her. We waited and waited, which felt like a lifetime.

Eventually, my stepdad's sister came to the hospital and took us home with her. When we arrived, she got out her air mattress, and we went to bed. The next morning, we all got up and ate some breakfast. We sat around and watched TV to pass the time. After a while my grandma pulled in the driveway. We went to see her, and then five other people got out of the car too. Not my mom, though. As they all walked in with a worried look on their faces, I knew something was wrong. My grandma then proceeded to tell us, "Your mom didn't make it." She passed away in the ambulance on their way to St. Louis during the night. Immediately the tears came falling like a waterfall.

They informed me that she had broken every bone in her body. She was not wearing her seatbelt, and the transport van flipped numerous times. One of the prisoners also passed away due to the car accident. I then left for Oklahoma to go live with my dad the day after my mom's funeral. I left without saying bye to my friends at school, which was devastating. I had to start completely over, new town, new school, new me. My siblings and I are doing fine now. It's almost been ten years since the wreck, and we're still coping.

Life teaches people that, even through all the hard times, life still goes on.

